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 \* THE BOY WHOM SANTA CAN'T FIND \*  
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Santa is good to the millionaire  
 kid,  
 Finds out his stocking where-  
 ever they're hid,  
 Fills them with airguns and gold-  
 painted sleds,  
 Horses that rock, with glass eyes  
 in their heads.



Wagons end engines and first-  
 basemen's gloves,  
 Every old thing that every boy  
 loves.  
 All's fine and dandy, barring one  
 hitch—  
 Boys do not get them unless they  
 are rich.

Though I've been good as any  
 boy's been,  
 Santa behaves like I was not in;  
 Sometimes I hear the crack of his  
 whip  
 When he goes by on his Christ-

mas eve trip,  
 So he can't say I'm not in his  
 track,  
 Waiting for only a mite from his  
 pack.  
 Shucks!—it's no use. The pres-  
 ents all switch  
 Elsewhere instead, to a boy who  
 is rich.

'Cept for the story books fall of  
 such dope  
 Maybe I'd never 'a' had any hope,  
 P'rhaps I'd never expected a  
 share,  
 Forcing a smile if my stocking  
 stayed bare,  
 While all around me the luckier  
 ones  
 Got well remembered, the mill-  
 ionaire's sons.  
 Wonder if Santa, in doubt which  
 is which,  
 Means things for me that he  
 takes to the rich?

— o — o —  
 There is only one way to do  
 away with empty stockings on  
 Christmas eve. We must love  
 them away.

—  
 Fate may tie a knot in your  
 stocking. But only yourself can  
 tie a knot in your heart.

—  
 Nature is said to be all-wise.  
 Then why did she make the tur-  
 key have but two drum-sticks?

—  
 Some folks go to Father's to-  
 day because they went to Uncle's  
 yesterday.